

Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

APRIL, 1901.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A GROUP OF SONNETS.*

One distinctive characteristic of Phillips Brooks now becomes apparent, although traces of it may be seen in earlier years—his capacity of being quickly roused into a glowing enthusiasm, of blazing up into a consuming fire under the contact of ideas or truths presented to his mind. For truth with him did not rest with an appeal to the intellect, but stirred his whole being, his emotional nature, and ended in the will, where it buried itself deeply, calling for action or for deeper consecration. He did not have at this time any outlet for the force within, such as afterwards came through the pulpit, where he poured forth his aroused, excited soul. One resource he had which deserves mention—he found relief in poetry. It was his custom at this time, whenever he had been deeply moved, to attempt expression in the sonnet. We may take these sonnets, of which there is a large number, as criterions of judgment, enabling us to determine the books or the authors who contributed chiefly to the expansion of his being. They were not intended for publication, they were written rapidly, and as with his other verse, if he did not succeed in attaining just the expression he wished when they first took shape, he did not better them when he attempted any polish or revision. To some of these

sonnets he attached importance, as reminders of great and rare experiences. Such were those written after reading the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles. He repeated them before the students at Alexandria, with an introduction to each, giving a brief sketch of the movement in each tragedy. Once again, and not long before his death, he turned back to these sonnets of his youth, finding, it may have been, some inward pleasure in the visions and experiences of life they recalled. He read them again before a club in Boston where he was called upon to furnish the subject for discussion. They are here given with the preface, as he reviewed them in his last days:—

Reading once, many years ago, the three great Tragedies of Æschylus, which together make a magnificent Trilogy, I was led at the end of each to express in verse the total impression which it made. I hope these verses may not seem altogether too serious and too solemn for the club.

The first play is the Agamemnon, full of the prophecies of the Trojan captive Cassandra, foretelling the woes that were to fall on the great captain of the Greeks. I finished it on a bright summer day, and these verses were written at the close:—

The story's ended: Fling the window wide;

Let the June sunlight leap across the room.

* Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. By Alexander V. G. Allen, Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. With

Portraits and Illustrations. In two volumes. E. P. Dutton & Co. Copyright, 1900. Price \$7.50.

How like a spirit it comes through
 the gloom,
 And draws the old black tragic veil
 aside!
 All day the passion of the Argive
 queen,
 All day Cassandra's fate-words, half
 unsung,
 Like a dark storm-cloud o'er my soul
 have hung,
 With choral thunders breaking through
 between.
 We've heard the tale a human life can
 tell;
 Come, hear the stories Nature's heart
 can speak,
 Hear June's rich rhythms die adown
 the dell,
 And each tree's chorus grander than
 the Greek!
 Cassandra-thoughts, with more than
 Loxian spell,
 Come singing to us from the moun-
 tain's peak!

The second play, the *Choëphori*, has
 the story of Orestes avenging the death
 of Agamemnon. It is heavy with the
 thought of yet greater tragedy to come.
 The feeling as one ends it is of sus-
 pense and dread, as if it were good to
 pause awhile before the next curtain
 should be raised:—

As one that travels through the moun-
 tain's gloom,
 And sees the peaks above him stern
 and stark,
 And midnight's myriad eyes adown
 the dark,
 And all earth listening as for voice of
 doom,
 Arrived at length beneath some
 friendly roof,
 Turns his tired footsteps to the
 cheerful light,
 Yet, pausing, gazes once more down
 the night,
 And sees the slow storm darkening all
 aloof;
 So pause we here and gaze a moment
 back

Where we came journeying this sad
 summer's day
 Hear the low thunder roar along its
 track,
 See tempest clouds that stoop above
 our way.
 The night is deepening. Rest we here
 a space
 The dark fate-journey of old Pelops'
 race!

The last play is the *Eumenides*, tak-
 ing its name from the Furies, who
 pursue Orestes. It ends with the de-
 parture from Athens of the Furies,
 who seem to have been disappointed
 of their victim. As they go, they seem
 to leave the air and earth clear for bet-
 ter things:—

So Fate hath fallen and the virgin fled:
 The slow procession fadeth out of
 sight,
 The Athenian chorus in their stoles
 of white,
 The Furies, solemn-faced, with bended
 head,
 Now a dim line across the distance
 goes,
 Like faint wave-margin on some far-
 off shore,
 One moment trembles and is seen no
 more,
 And earth lies smiling in a sweet re-
 pose.
 But up the darkness where they van-
 ished, came
 The sunrise angels of a holier day—
 Up all the horizon steps of kneeling
 Flame.
 Hark! Peace and Mercy singing on
 their way!
 Faith, Hope and Charity, new steps
 like these
 In those old footprints of the Eumen-
 ides.

So the Trilogy ends; the last of its
 Tragedies being the greatest.¹

Another of these sonnets, inspired
 by the study of Greek tragedy, is on
 the *Antigone* of Sophocles:—

¹ "I am quite sure," writes the Rev. W. De-
 wees Roberts, assistant minister at Trinity
 from 1888, "that Mr. Brooks copied those son-
 nets as late as when I was at Trinity. I was
 not surprised to find the book upon his desk
 after his death. He told me at one time that
 if he were to find himself in charge of a school

he should insist upon the writing of verse as
 one of the school exercises. He took me to
 task upon making fun of young men who
 thought they could write verse, and said he
 knew of nothing which would give a man a
 better command of English than to practice
 himself in the writing of verse."

Unwept, unwedded, on my destined
 way—
 So sang Antigone, and passed in
 tears;
 So sings she still as down the listen-
 ing years
 Goes the fair victim of proud Creon's
 sway,
 And now this dreary morning while I
 read,
 And hear her tear-drops through the
 tender Greek,
 My heart goes back along her path
 to seek
 How nature triumphed e'en while Fate
 decreed.
 Still lies the brother's corpse beyond
 the gate,
 Still comes the virgin with the scat-
 tered dust,
 And these dark hours grow queenly
 with the state
 Of beauty throned amid the hapless
 just.
 Page turns on page, and still my soul
 can see
 New Truth in Life, taught by Antigone.

The influence upon him of the Greek
 tragedies at so impressible a moment
 of his life may be detected in his
 preaching. Among the passages of
 Scripture selected at this time for
 future sermons is this: "For I
 was alive without the law once; but
 when the commandment came, sin re-
 vived and I died," with the reference
 to Sophocles's *Oedipus Colonus*, 393.

Taking the sonnets as an index of
 his mind or of the power exerted on
 him by the authors he studied, a fore-
 most place must be given to the Greek
 and Latin fathers, whom he read with
 diligence. In doing this, he was in a
 sphere alone by himself, with no pa-
 tristic guides or glosses, with no discus-
 sion in the class-room, or with those
 conversant with the subject. To a cer-
 tain extent he found companionship in
 Isaac Taylor's "Ancient Christianity,"
 or with Bunsen in his genial and pro-
 found study of "Hippolytus and his
 Age." It is evident that he read the
 Fathers for the exercise of his linguis-

tic power, and for the pleasure they af-
 forded in coming into contact with
 their thought at first hand. But the
 sonnets which he wrote on Tertullian,
 Origen and Jerome show him to have
 experienced a deeper attraction for the
 men in themselves as he came to know
 their spirit. Thus of Origen he
 writes:—

O Adamantine Scholar, dreamer, sage,
 And Christian, nobler name than all
 the rest,
 What sadness is there in thy lifelong
 quest
 Of sense mysterious in the sacred page!
 Thy life was like the morning when
 the day,
 With wealth of beauty crowding into
 birth,
 Breathes her warm heart upon the
 sleeping earth,
 And dawns in mists that noon will
 melt away.

Nothing shows better the generous
 quality of his nature than his ability to
 sympathize even with Jerome, of
 whom it has been said that, in his anx-
 iety to fulfil his duty toward God, he
 failed signally in his duty toward man:—

Stout monk of Bethlehem, this life of
 thine
 Proves some strange power beneath
 thy dreamy creed,
 As signs of secret springs our eyes
 may read
 On the bleak sand-plain in the lonely
 pine.
 Those foes of thine, the feeble and
 the strong,
 Jovinian, Rufin, John, and all the rest,
 Who stirred such anger in thy
 saintly breast,
 Perhaps were right, who knows? per-
 haps were wrong.
 But right or wrong, in faithless times
 like these
 'Tis well to see how faith could give
 thee power
 To bind earth's chances with thy
 will's decrees,
 And grasp the reins of every way-
 ward hour;
 Till Cyril stood beside thy dying bed,
 And saw bright angels bear the
 blessed dead.

Theological Seminary of Virginia, 1887

OF THINGS OCCULT.*

Vincent said to his wife, "You expect Le Clerc to-night, Anne?"

I knew that she did, as she had previously spoken to me of it, and was, as usual with her, greatly excited by the expectation of any quite novel experience. I had looked, as I entered, to see what fresh dramatic setting there would be, and had observed, as Vincent came in after our arrival, a look of mirth on his telltale face. Her habit of slightly changing her drawing-room to suit her sense of the fitness of things was well known to all of us. It was purely to satisfy herself, and was without the least affectation. I understood at a glance. Le Clerc was to talk about things mystical. The *mise en scène* was at times elaborate as I had once occasion to observe, and have elsewhere stated. To-night it was simple.

Years before St. Clair had sent from Japan two historically famous balls of crystal. These were well known in Japan as the Rock of Remembrance and the Rock of Reflection. They were fully ten inches in diameter. One was of smoky quartz; the other was a crystal sphere of delicate rose-color.

And now the Rock of Reflection lay to the left of the blazing hearth, on a cushion of fawn-tinted velvet, and was glowing like a glorious ruddy moon, mysteriously beautiful. Midway in the room stood a small round Chipendale table of dark mahogany. It was an unusual bit of furniture, because the rim was a narrow edge of silver. This table commonly held the roses Anne Vincent loved so well. On this occasion there was a shallow vase of pearl-gray china, and afloat in it half a dozen water-lilies. These were

wide open, as they had no natural business to be at night, but, as St. Clair once remarked, flowers and people did for Anne Vincent what they never did for any one else. Beside this dish was a slim Greek vase, in which stood a few grotesque orchids, rich in color and as strange as gargoyles.

As I stood admiring this suggestive, and, for Anne Vincent, quite moderate setting, she herself, replying to her husband's question, said:

"Yes; I think I hear Mr. Le Clerc's voice in the hall. What a queer falsetto! He has promised, if Fred does not object, that I shall see a famous medium—oh, not now, of course."

"I think it all very silly," said Clayborne.

"At least it may amuse you," she said.

"It will not, my dear lady. But it may have other values."

The gentleman who entered was a tall man, slightly bent, a professor of physics, and well known in the world of science. He spoke to us in turn quietly in a sharp voice of unpleasing tones. He apologized for being late, and added that he had only a few minutes' time, but had come to place himself at Mrs. Vincent's command.

Upon this we fell to talking about spiritualism, mind-reading and the like. At last Vincent said: "Le Clerc, you have seen a good deal of these matters. Is there any one thing among them of which you are sure?"

He replied with evident caution: "I think I have seen a man read cards which he could not see. Thus if you chose a card from a new pack, and held it up so that he saw only the back of your hand, and you the face of the card, he was often successful in naming the card. I cannot see how he

* Dr. North and His Friends. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Copyright, 1900. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.

could have tricked me, and in justice I should say that I have done it myself, but not nearly so well as he. He professed to be able to name also any card I had in mind. In this he was less fortunate."

"Let me say something, Mr. Le Clerc," said I. "This is an exhibition of so-called telepathy in its simplest form. Suppose we admit its truth. What one man can do must represent a power possessed in some degree by all men. It may be small in most men, or in abeyance. It must be in the mass of men a quality, a capacity, on the way to fuller development. All our abilities, all sensual perceptivity, must have gone through endless ranges of acuteness, and always in their evolution, certain persons must have had this or that sense in a larger degree than the less developed mass of their fellows."

"If we accept the fact as stated, that seems reasonable," said Clayborne, "but in the cases you mention the organ of sense existed. It was recognizable. What is the mechanism in this present case? Where or what is the new sense thus used? For it is through the senses alone that we get news from without."

"Who can guess?" said Le Clerc. "There are many parts of the brain to which we assign no function. I am not sufficiently sure of the facts to go further."

"Do you know," said Vincent, "how you do these things?"

"I do not. I am rarely fortunate; at times I fail entirely. This makes it hard to condition, and thus unlike the facts of outside nature. I have given up its study for this reason, and, too, because it affects me disagreeably."

"Can you," said my wife, "tell us how you seemed to do it? It cannot be chance."

"No," said Clayborne, decisively.

"I seemed to see the card," Le Clerc

said. "It looked larger than the real card. Once I stated the number but was unable to tell the color. It requires a certain amount of time. I cannot succeed if the person who holds the card does not know the card and does not think of it. In fact, most of the larger pretensions as to this matter break down under severe tests, and I am still in doubt."

"I have," said I, "at times suspected myself of having a certain amount of capacity to know what people are thinking. It may have been that I was mistaken."

"For my part," said St. Clair, "I hope it will remain an undeveloped capacity. To read at will the minds even of those we love would be disastrous to happiness."

"Or at times quite the reverse," said my wife.

"But," returned St. Clair, "imagine a world from which speech was gone, and where this power had become universal. To lie would be impossible. The whole fabric of civilization would crumble; war would be impossible, love a farce."

"Even nonsense may suggest thought," said Clayborne, who was apt to take St. Clair literally. "Individual capacity to conceal thought is an essential of civilized life. The savage conceals nothing. This would be retrogression. The barbarian is willingly open-minded. We should be self-revealed unwillingly."

"Perhaps," said Vincent, "this power, if it be one, is, as we assume to have it, an abnormal thing, like those excessive attributes of the senses acquired in disease."

"But," said Clayborne, "this other could not be any excess of a sense known to us. It must be a radically different sense."

"Yes," returned Vincent, "you are right. Nor have I any, even the dimmest consciousness of any unused

power to apprehend another's thought. Owen North may have. He said so."

"Oh," cried my wife, "but I do not think Owen is in the least abnormal."

At this we laughed, Le Clerc also declining to be thus classed.

"At all events," said Clayborne, "no possible good can come of these investigations. If taken seriously, their study should be in hands which are competent for the work. Few are. The mere man of science, the physicist—horrid word—has been endlessly fooled by the trickery of so-called spiritualists. As Le Clerc has said—I think you said that—one cannot condition the facts."

"Hysterical and hypnotic telepathy," said I, "have repeatedly taken in some of the ablest of my profession. The study may some day be more fortunate. Now men in general get no good, and often harm out of attempts along the lines of these too vague phenomena."

"And yet," said Mrs. Vincent, "such small facts as we have just now heard do give one a sense of the possibility of mind directly communicating with mind, and so of the possibility of our minds being affected by those who, be-

ing dead, speak no more the ordinary tongue of man."

"No," said Clayborne, "that by no means follows. You infer too much."

"Let us, then, wholesomely stop here," said I; "I quite decline a plunge into the idiotic chaos of spiritualism."

"He," said Clayborne, "who needs that help to faith must strangely want the power to read aright his own nature and the great world."

This was gravely said by Clayborne, and was one of the frank statements of his calmly held beliefs to which we rarely heard him commit himself.

Said Le Clerc: "I busied myself once with many of these phenomena. Some I thought at one time honest facts; others mere obvious trickery. I gave it all up, and came to see that some, even of the ablest and most honest of the men given over to these pursuits, got at last into a condition of utter incapacity to disbelieve things which were clearly absurd, such as the so-called materialization of spirits."

"If," said I, "it be full of pitfalls for men of intellect, it is a slough of mental disaster for feeble minds. I have seen in the followers of these ways much sad disorder of mind."

THE RESPECT DUE TO YOUTH.*

A baby has to fall. It is natural, and not funny. So does the young child have to make mistakes as he learns any or all of the crowding tasks set before him; but these are not fair grounds for ridicule.

I was walking in a friend's garden, and met for the first time the daughter of the house, a tall, beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty. Her aunt, who

was with me, cried out in an affected tone, "Come and meet the lady, Janey!"

The young girl, who was evidently unpleasantly impressed, looked annoyed, and turned aside in some confusion, speaking softly to her teacher who was with her. Then the aunt, who was a very muscular woman, seized the young lady by her shoulders, lifted her off the ground, and thrust her blushing, struggling and protesting into my arms—by way of introduction! Naturally enough the girl was over-

* Concerning Children. By Charlotte Perkins (Stetson) Gilman. Copyright, 1900. Small Maynard & Co. Price \$1.25.

come with mortification and conceived a violent dislike for me. (This story is exactly true, except that the daughter of the house was aged two and a half.)

Now why—in the name of reason, courtesy, education, justice, any lofty and noble consideration—why should Two-and-a-half be thus insulted? What is the point of view of the insulter? How does she justify her brutal behavior? Is it on the obvious ground of physical superiority in age and strength? It cannot be that, for we do not gratuitously outrage the feelings of all persons younger and smaller than ourselves. A stalwart six-foot septuagenarian does not thus comport himself towards a small gentleman of thirty or forty. It cannot be relationship; for such conduct does not obtain among adults, be they never so closely allied. It has no basis except that the victim is a child, and the child has no personal rights which we feel bound to respect.

A baby, when "good," is considered as a first-rate plaything—a toy to play with or to play on or to set going like a machine-toy, that we may laugh at it. There is a legitimate frolicking with small children, as the cat plays with her kittens; but that is not in the least inconsistent with respect. Grown people can play together and laugh together without jeering at each other. So we might laugh with our children, even more than we do, and yet never laugh at them. The pathetic side of it is that children are even more sensitive to ridicule than grown people. They have no philosophy to fall back upon; and—here is the hideously unjust side—if they lose their tempers, being yet unlearned in self-restraint—if they try to turn the tables on their tormentors, then the wise "grown-up" promptly punishes them for "disrespect." They must respect their elders even in this

pitiful attitude; but who is to demand the respect due to youth?

In the baby's first attempt to speak we amused ourselves mightily over his innocent handling of rude phrases—overheard by chance or even taught him, that we might make merry over the gulleless little mouth, uttering at our behest the words it did not understand. Then a year or so older, when he says the same things, he is laboriously and painfully taught that what is proper for a parent to say to a child is not proper for a child to say to a parent. "Why?" puzzles the child. We can give no answer, except our large assumption that there is no respect due to youth.

Ask any conscientious mother or father why the new human being, fresh from God as they profess to believe, not yet tainted by sin or weakened by folly and mistake, serene in its mighty innocence and serious beyond measure, as its deep eyes look solemnly into life—why this wonderful kind of humanity is to be treated like a court fool?

From the deeper biological standpoint, seeing the foremost wave of advancing humanity in each new generation, there is still less excuse for such contemptuous treatment. In the child is lodged the piled-up progress of the centuries, and, as he shall live, is that progress hastened or retarded. Quite outside of the natural affection of the parent for the offspring stands this deep, human reverence for the latest and best specimen of its kind. Every child should represent a higher step in racial growth than its parents, and every parent should reverently recognize this. For a time the parent has the advantage. He has knowledge, skill and power; and we feel that in the order of nature he is set to minister to the younger generation till it shall supplant him. To develop such a noble feeling has taken a long time,

and many steps upward through those cruder sentiments which led toward it. Yet it is the rational, conscious feeling into which the human being translates the whole marvellous law of parental love.

To the animal this great force expresses itself merely in instinct; but, as such, it is accepted and fulfilled, and the good of the young subserved unquestioningly. In low grades of human life we have still this animal parental instinct largely predominating, colored more or less with some prevision of the real glory of the work in hand. Yet so selfish is human parentage that in earlier times children have been sold as slaves in the interests of parents, have been, and still are, set to work prematurely; and in certain races the father looks forward to having a son for various religious benefits accruing to him, the father.

Sentiments like these are not conducive to respect for youth. The mother is not generally selfish, in this sense. Her error is in viewing the child too personally, depending too much on "instinct," and giving very little thought to the matter. She loves much and serves endlessly, but reasons little. The child is pre-eminently "her" child, and is treated as such. Intense affection she gives, and such forms of discipline and cultivation as are within her range, unflagging care and labor also; but "respect" for the bewitching bundle of cambric she has so elaborately decorated does not occur to her.

Note the behavior of a group of admiring women around a baby on exhibition. Its clothes are prominent, of course, in their admiration; and its toes, fingers and dimples generally. They kiss it and cuddle it and play with it, and the proud mamma is pleased. When the exhibitee is older and more conscious, it dislikes these scenes intensely. Being "dressed up" and passed round for the observation

and remark of the grown-up visitors is an ordeal we can all remember.

Why cannot a grown person advance to make the acquaintance of a child with the same good manners used in meeting an adult? Frankness, naturalness and respect, these are all the child wants. And precisely these he is denied. We put on an assumed interest—a sort of stage manner—in accosting the young, and for all our pretense pay no regard to their opinions or confidence, when given. Really well-intentioned persons, parents or otherwise, will repeat before strangers some personal opinion, just softly whispered in their ears, with a pair of little arms holding fast to keep the secret close; dragging it out remorselessly before the persons implicated, while the betrayed child squirms in wretchedness and anger.

To do this to a grown-up friend would warrant an angry dropping of acquaintance. Such traitorous rudeness would not be tolerated by man or woman. But the child—the child must pocket every insult, as belonging to a class beneath respect.

Childhood is not a pathological condition, nor a term of penal servitude, nor a practical joke. A child is a human creature, and entitled to be treated as such. A human body three feet long is deserving of as much respect as a human body six feet long. Yet the bodies of children are handled with the grossest familiarity. We pluck and pull and push them, tweak their hair and ears, pat them on the head, chuck them under the chin, kiss them, and hold them on our laps entirely regardless of their personal preferences. Why should we take liberties with the person of a child other than those suitable to an intimate friendship at any age?

"Because children don't care," some one will answer. But children do care. They care enormously. They dislike

certain persons always because of disagreeable physical contact in childhood. They wriggle down clumsily, all their clothes rubbed the wrong way, with tumbled hair and flushed, sulky faces from the warm "lap" of some large woman or bony, woolly-clothed man, who was holding them with one

hand and variously assaulting them with the other, and rush off in helpless rage. No doubt they "get used to it," as eels do to skinning; but in this process of accustoming childhood to brutal discourtesy we lose much of the finest, most delicate development of human nature.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The life of the late Bishop of London is to be written by his widow.

It is announced in London, with apparent authority, that Mr. Laurence Housman is the author of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."

It may be that the old favorites are passing out of vogue, but the simultaneous beginning of three new editions of Sir Walter Scott, at the opening of this year in London, does not look like it.

The Scribners are preparing to bring out, at an early date, the autobiography of the late Prof. F. Max Muller, which is said to be of a distinctly personal quality, and can hardly fail to be interesting.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press for immediate publication a volume on the "Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews," by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, embodying his recent Lowell Institute lectures: and "Sam Lovell's Boy," the last work of the late Rowland Evans Robinson, whose charming stories of Vermont life have been widely popular.

According to the London "Publish-

ers' Circular" the books published in England last year were 418 fewer in number than the books of 1899, and these, again, were 410 fewer than those of 1898. Works of imagination show the most noteworthy falling off. The heaviest decline is in novels, and the next largest in books of verse. There has been an increase in works of history, biography, travel and science.

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press are to publish next autumn a facsimile, by the collotype process, of the First Folio of Shakespeare. The Chatsworth copy has been loaned for the purpose by the generous permission of the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Sidney Lee will contribute a brief introduction.

The Harpers are about to publish a volume of "Essays and Orations by the Hon. E. J. Phelps," which is sure to possess both literary and political interest. Among the addresses in the volume are a number of the speeches which Mr. Phelps made in England when he represented this country at the Court of St. James.

A book on China entitled "As the Chinese See Us," which is intended to give from the Chinese standpoint a view of the problems which have

arisen there, is announced in London. If it gives the Chinese view of the looting and violence of the foreign troops, it should be lively reading. The author is the Rev. T. G. Selby.

It is announced that Mr. Robert Ford is editing a second series of "Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland." The first series was issued two years ago, and is already out of print. In the second volume will be found more than a hundred songs, not half of which have hitherto been collected into any of the standard national works on the subject.

No. 48 Doughty-street, London, where Dickens wrote the concluding chapters of "Pickwick" and nearly all of "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby," is still standing; and Literature urges the Society of Arts to fix a tablet in front of the house, recording these particulars.

London saw its "sandwich-men" put to a new use during the last publishing season, in advertising a new volume of poems. To add to the incongruity, the book was called "Ad Astra." The poet whose wares were thus brought to the notice of a Philistine public is Mr. Wentworth Wynne, and the scheme is reported to have been successful in selling five editions of his book.

A new edition of the complete works of Bishop Berkeley, including posthumous works, is promised for this spring in four crown octavo volumes. It represents the patient scholarship of Professor A. Campbell Fraser, and is a revision of the same editor's edition of 1871, long out of print, with the introductions and notes practically rewritten, and a new brief biography prefixed.

Three volumes have been added to the compact and admirably written Riverside Biographical Series: "Thomas

Jefferson," by H. C. Merwin; "William Penn," by George Hodges; and "Peter Cooper," by R. W. Raymond. Mr. Raymond enjoyed the advantage of an intimate personal acquaintance with the subject of his sketch. The other sketches necessarily lack that element, but they are the fruit of painstaking study. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's trade-mark, the representation of an elephant's head, which has figured conspicuously in some recent curious copyright suits, has been formally secured to the author by registration with the U. S. Commissioner of Patents. Mr. Kipling's application was accompanied with several small illustrations showing the head of a jubilant elephant with trunk swung aloft, a weeping elephant with tears flowing from his eyes, and other varieties—to all of which the author lays claim under his trade-mark.

The Academy notes the fact that Mrs. Ward is accused of changing the color of Lucy Foster's hair in "Eleanor;" and it adds that there is a more amusing slip. On page 279 Mrs. Ward makes Manisty throw away his cigarette, and on page 281 relight it; and it reasons that, while Manisty may have been wilful, impulsive and selfish he would never have lighted again a cigarette once thrown away. Perhaps; but who is it who can pause in a story like "Eleanor" to notice such trifles?

St. Giles', Cripplegate, one of the most interesting old churches in London, is reported by Literature to be about to fall once more into the hands of the restorer. St. Giles was the burial-place of John Milton, and the scene, in 1790, of the abominable exhumation which called out an indignant protest from Cowper. Among others who sleep there are John Fox, the martyr-

ologist. It is famous also as the church in which Oliver Cromwell, then twenty-one years old, married Sir James Bouchier's daughter Elizabeth in 1620.

The Scotsman reports sad details of the illness of Robert Buchanan, who has been stricken with paralysis, involving loss of speech and clouded mental faculties. For nearly two years prior to this attack he was subject to pneumonia and heart disease following upon influenza. Next came insomnia. But a little more than two months ago, he made what seemed almost a miraculous recovery. He threw himself into his work with characteristic energy. He wrote a serial story, finished a play, and was making rapid progress with his autobiography when, while talking with a friend, in high spirits, over his plans, he was stricken down paralyzed and speechless.

It might be too much to say that Mr. Albert G. Robinson's volume on "The Philippines: The War and the People" is written wholly without prejudice: since there is a strong infusion of partisanship of one sort or another, in nearly everything that is written on this subject. But Mr. Robinson's views are at least the result of careful personal observation in the islands. As a war correspondent of the most intelligent type, in the Philippines, South Africa and Cuba, Mr. Robinson has won a wide reputation: and the material contained in the present volume is made up of letters which he wrote to the *New York Evening Post*. McClure, Phillips & Co. are the publishers.

A new translation of the "Odyssey" has been published in London. The translator, Mr. Samuel Butler, has been led to the work, in part, by a theory that the "Odyssey" is the work of a

woman, who introduces herself into the poem in the guise of Nausicaa. Here is Mr. Butler's rendering of Nausicaa's speech to her royal sire:—

Papa, dear, could you manage to let me have a good big wagon? I want to take all our dirty clothes to the river and wash them. You are the chief man here, so it is only right that you should have a clean shirt when you attend meetings of the council. Moreover, you have five sons at home, two of them married, while the other three are good-looking bachelors. You know they always like to have clean linen when they go to a dance, and I have been thinking about all this.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Latimer has rounded out her series of Nineteenth Century histories, which includes separate volumes on Spain, Italy, England, France, Russia and Turkey, and Europe in Africa, with a single volume on "The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century," in which she gives a narrative of the events of the closing years of the century in each of the countries previously treated in detail. In a certain sense, therefore, this volume is a supplement to each of the others, since it brings their history up to date; while in another sense it is of independent interest, and may be read as a lucid and rapid survey of the last years of the century just closed. As is the case with Mrs. Latimer's other volumes, this one evinces wide reading, careful study, and a sincere purpose to give her readers a clear idea of the meaning and mutual relation of events. This is not an easy thing to do, in history which is so recent that it may be said to be still in the making; but Mrs. Latimer has achieved a large measure of success in it, and her work is untinctured with cynicism. Numerous and excellent portraits of some of the chief personages who figure in the narrative enhance the value of the book. A. C. McClurg & Co.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Autobiography of a Tramp, The. By J. H. Crawford. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Brass Bottle, The. By F. Anstey. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Chinese Literature, A History of. By Herbert A. Giles, M.A., L.L.D., Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge and late H.B.M. Consul at Ningpo. Wm. Heinemann.
- Domesticities: A Little Book of Domestic Impressions. By E. V. Lucas. Smith, Elder & Co.
- English History, Side Lights on. Being Extracts from Letters, Papers and Diaries of the Past Three Centuries. Collected and Arranged by Ernest F. Henderson, Ph.D. George Bell & Sons.
- Finding of the Book, The, and other Poems. By Wm. Alexander, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh. Hodder & Stoughton.
- Gibbon, Edward, The Memoirs of the Life of. Edited by G. Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., L.L.D. Methuen & Co.
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- Lord's Prayer, the, The Social Teaching of. By C. W. Stubbs, Dean of Ely. Gardner & Darton.
- Macaulay: A Lecture delivered at Cambridge on August 10th, 1900. By Sir Richard Jebb. Cambridge University Press.
- Missing Hero, A. By Mrs. Alexander. Chatto & Windus.
- Nineteenth Century, the, The Last Years of. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$2.50.
- Parson Peter: A Tale of the Dart. By Arthur H. Norway. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.
- Philippines, The: the War and the People. By Albert G. Robinson. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price \$2.00.
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- Wagner, Richard, Life of. By C. F. Glasenapp. Authorized Translation by Wm. Ashton Ellis. Kegan Paul & Co.
- War, the Shadows of. By Mrs. Jocelyn Bagot. Edward Arnold.
- Where Black Rules White. The Black Republic of Hayti. By Hesketh Prichard. Archibald Constable & Co.
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